IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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NORTHEAST IOWA STREAM FISHING—1952

PROBLEM CHILDREN

By Clayt Seagears

(Editor's Note: We received the following letter last week relative to a pet deer and are having Clayt Seagears answer it with his fine article "Problem Children" that appeared in the August-September issue of the *New York State Conservationist*.)

Dear Sir:

We thought you might be interested in our neighborhood visitor and pet. She is very friendly and likes to be fed.

It is not certain how she happens to be around but we all think she is pretty nice.

Enclosed is a picture taken a short time back and she looked about the same when she visited us today.

Respectfully yours,

In its June 9, 1952, issue, *Life* Magazine ran another of those sure-fire picture stories about animal persecution. This one, called "Dawn's Fawn," had extra sentimental appeal because a spotted, big-eyed fawn and a little girl were the principals who apparently were getting a dirty deal from what anybody would infer was a bunch of stupid stuffed shirts.

Under a fine full-page picture of an attractive child cuddling what the public universally now calls Bambi, an appealing little spotted tyke about as dangerous as a fan-tailed gold fish, *Life's* title lines said: "Jersey girl runs afoul of law for harboring 'dangerous' deer."

The story went on to explain that Dawn's father had found a "helpless six-day-old fawn in the road" and that hardly before Dawn could get the first eye dropper of milk into her new pet, her troubles began with a law which prevented such happy girl-fawn relationships. Finally, after her father appealed to the governor, New Jersey game officials said Dawn could keep the deer for two months but then (after probably tearful separation) the fawn would be taken away and put in a refuge. Tame, growing deer "sometimes gash children's

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Jim Sherman Photo.

Mother Nature was on the anglers side this year and the rivers were in fishable shape most of the spring and summer.

THE BELLEVUE STATE PARK

By Charles S. Gwynne
Professor
Department of Geology
Iowa State College

Bellevue State Park, overlooking the Mississippi River just south of Bellevue in Jackson County, is notable in several ways. One is that it affords excellent views up and down the river. Another is that part of its geological story is revealed in the great rock cliffs which confront the visitor as he drives into the park.

Let us describe the park first. Part of it is located on the lowland adjacent to the river. But the real park, that of the parking and picnic areas, is farther back from the river. It is part of the Mississippi River bluffs. Bluffs, or cliffs, line the Iowa side of the river for many miles.

As the visitor drives along the river before entering the park he is impressed with the great rock wall before him. It rises to a height of approximately 100 feet. Great blocks of rock, fallen from above, lie at the base. Many, recently fallen, have been cleared away. The road to the upland picnic area goes around the north side of this cliff. It is steep, but the rock wall is still noticeable on the visitor's left. After having followed along the side of a small valley for a ways presently he reaches the top, an almost level area.

The level area at the top is not very large but there is ample room for picnic and parking areas, and a lodge. Going over to the river side, one finds oneself at the top of the cliff. In other directions from the level top, except toward the west, there is a steep slope.

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By R. E. Cleary
Fisheries Biologist

Off with the dark glasses and disguise. This past fall I could walk into any coffee house in northeast Iowa without fear of being set upon by embittered and unsuccessful river fishermen. They didn't bring home their limit every time they went out, but the 1952 angling season on the rivers left little to be desired. It was the best overall season we've had in the five years I've been in eastern Iowa.

Mother Nature was on the anglers' side this year, and aside from one or two flash floods on certain streams, the rivers were in fishable shape most of the spring and summer. All rivers were low and crystal clear last fall, which tended to concentrate the fish in the deeper pools and reduce the areas the fishermen had to work to take fish.

These conditions favored the average fisherman to a much greater extent than the expert since the latter is able to fish under almost any conditions and knows "when, where and how." So, if your fishing hasn't been much better this year than last, brother, you're an expert and you are getting your fair share during any year.

The catfish is "Mr. Big" in eastern Iowa just as he is in all other parts of the state. During the first week of the season fishing for cat was slow, then came that late April and early May heat. For two weeks limit catches of big cat were not out of the ordinary, with many fish in the 4-10 pound class being taken. As the season progressed, fewer jumbos were taken and anglers had to be satisfied with the 1-1½ pound pan size. With the water cooling off, the heavier fish started to hit again with blood and live minnows, and crayfish were very effective.

The last three weeks in June were abnormally cold, and the door was slammed on the catfisherman. The cat stopped moving around and it was a chore to take them, even in our survey hoop nets. In July and August they started hitting

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HUNTER'S SEASON A SERIOUS BUSINESS

In light of the ear-bending I have been getting since my previous observation on the relative merits of closing the season, I had just about decided to turn my back on the whole situation. It is my considered conclusion that a hunter's season is like his politics and his religion. Maybe it ranks just a little ahead of both as a matter of fact. In any event, you can get some pretty good arguments if you want to argue any of the three with him. . . .—*C. W. McManamy, Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

Sloughs and potholes are not wasted land on an Iowa farm; they are the homes of millions of plants and animals important to humans. —J. S.

NATURE'S EARLY MORNING PROGRAM

Having been up since 4 a. m., and witnessed the phenomena of nature in the open, I can hardly contain myself. Here is but a fraction of what I saw.

The dark outline of the horizon in the frosty morning, broken only by a few stars and the pale outline of the moon. The first rays of the sun appear as a gentle glow, lightening and warming over the eastern rim of the visible earth. And following this, a creeping azure hue over the entire edge of the horizon. More intense as the minutes moved on. It is exactly 45 minutes before sunrise.

Ther are clouds of ducks moving low over the marshes; and I close my eyes to the early sights as I give my ears a treat. It is a veritable symphony of sounds: deep gutterals of the drake and squeaky gasps of the youngster in the eclipse; the long-drawn call of the female, and here and there the whistles of the wood ducks.

Thousands of little birds are a twitter. It sounds like a mountain of music and each creature is rehearsing for a big day. Just now I heard the morning call of a pheasant cock in the dry marsh.

We near the blind . . . barely visible in the marshes and morning light. Two men are there ahead of us. I see their forms silhouetted in the light. As we draw near to them we observe their stance is indicative of something. Their shoulders are pushed upwards . . . hands close to body. They are beating little staccatoes to keep their feet warm and blood circulating.

It's a great morning to be alive! It's an equally great privilege to be made mindful of the myriads of life's phenomena! Wonder what the folks at home are dreaming about . . . pounding their ears until 7:30, why we've been up 3½ hours already . . . sleepy heads!

It is really true, though, people miss much of nature's program when they miss the early morning program of God.—*Bellevue Leader.*

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Jim Sherman Photo.
The first rays of the sun appear as a gentle glow, over the eastern rim of the visible earth.

Jim Sherman Photo.
Mistletoe is not only symbolic of the Christmas season but the osculatory privilege it legalizes has added to its holiday popularity.

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MISTLETOE . . . A PARASITE WITH A PURPOSE

By John Madson
Education Assistant

Mistletoe is one of the few parasites in the world that is regarded with affection. Not only is it symbolic of Christmas, but the osculatory privilege it legalizes has added to its popularity. It hasn't always been like that; there was a time when mistletoe was an evil omen.

It seems that when Baldur, the Scandinavian god of the sun, was born, his mother Frigga took steps to protect him. She invoked all elements and plants of the earth never to harm him. The result was that he could not be killed by arrows made from any rooted tree. This, however, didn't include mistletoe, a parasitic plant living in trees.

A demon-god named Loki found this out. He made an arrow of mistletoe wood and took it to the court of the gods, where he gave it to a blind god named Hoder. He told Hoder where Baldur was standing, and poor Baldur was dropped in his tracks.

Frigga was so grieved at Baldur's death that her tears became the white berries of the mistletoe. But her sorrow persuaded the other gods to bring Baldur back to life, and Frigga decreed that mistletoe would never again be used for evil purposes.

The plant eventually became a symbol of truce, under which sworn enemies met and declared peace. Maidens were also kissed under it, and received a berry for each kiss. When the berries were gone, no more kisses.

Even the true story of mistletoe has a mythical ring to it. It has been a sacred plant since before recorded history. The Druids, who inhabited European forests thousands of years ago, worshipped oaks. Anything that grew on oaks, therefore, was sacred. This included mistletoe, which was also much handier to hang over one's altar than a mature oak.

Modern botanists, however, doubt that mistletoe was native to oaks in the dawn of history. This has led archaeologists to believe that wily Druid priests transplanted mistletoe to oaks from apple trees when no one was looking.

Long before Christ, the time of the winter solstice was a time of festival in ancient Europe. This was also the time chosen by the Druids to harvest their mistletoe.

It was quite a ceremony. Five days after the new moon a procession was formed. First there were the bards, then the herald bearing the golden knife. Then came the priests, the prince of the Druids, and finally the people. Everyone was dressed in white.

Two white bulls were tied to the chosen tree, and the Druid prince climbed the tree and cut off the mistletoe with his golden knife. The mistletoe was dropped into a white mantle held by two inferior priests. The white bulls were then sacrificed, although humans were sometimes substituted.

These sprays of mistletoe were hung over the doorways to invite the sylvan gods in from the cold of the forest.

Mistletoe was outlawed in churches as a pagan symbol, but it sprang up again in the kitchens and servants' quarters of early England. It wasn't limited to kitchens very long. The lords of the manors knew a good thing when they saw one, and mistletoe and its custom were warmly received in the drawing room.

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"Such a big story and such a little duck." Jim Sherman Photo.

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LITTLE DUCK— BIG STORY

Even though I've lived with hunters for more than a quarter of a century I never get over marveling how they can make such a big story out of such a little thing as shooting a duck.

I've seen them sit for hours and explain in minute detail about how they got this or that bird. They start out with a gross understatement of how they really hadn't thought about going out that day—thought they might as well though—hadn't been out all week and so on.

Then they go into the stage setting. All about how the decoys were set, where the blind was and a whole bunch of other stuff.

Then comes the build up for the climax. This act involves a lot of arm waving, squinting and crouching. If the narrator is sitting in a chair he may have to get up at this point to further illustrate the circling of the ducks, the aim and that one supreme moment—the shot.

But this is not all. The anti-climax is almost as dramatic as the high point of the story. The best stories are those in which the duck is crippled and the faithful old dog tracks him through weeds and water. The duck, then, when finally brought in is a wonderful specimen.

The whole thing takes longer to tell than to actually do it. But what amazes me the most is that the one listening to this three-act play actually seems to enjoy himself as much as the guy telling it.

Like I always say, duck hunters are a queer lot.—*Mrs. Katharine Piper, Eldora Herald-Ledger.*

BEAVER AT NIGHT

I got in on some "slam-bang fireworks" the other night over on the Des Moines River. There happened to be a colony of beaver well established on the bank opposite the riffle I was fishing and evidently my presence was curtailing their activities somewhat. Only once did I get a glimpse of them because the light was poor at dusk and they had several large trees down in the water around their den. But the noise they did make by spanking their big, flat tails against the water! After each "barrage" a period of silence followed. Then one would venture out again, catch my silhouette as I made a cast, and "CRACK!!" the tail would go in giving the alarm to the others.

The fishing was wonderful that night, though the catching nil, just because that colony of beaver was on the other shore. These master dam-builders of nature that played such a big part in the settlement of our country are now common along many of Iowa's waterways. Should anyone desire to see where they have been working, nearly any stretch along the Des Moines or Boone rivers is clearly scarred by their carving teeth.—By Palmer Erickson, Jr., *Jewell Record.*

All mammals are believed to have voices. Contrary to popular belief, giraffes are not mute. They utter a murmurous mooing, something like a soft version of the voice of cattle.—G. S.

WHERE WERE THE BLUES?

A lot of Iowa sportsmen have been wondering what happened to the blue goose flight this fall. There have been almost as many reasons given for their absence as there are hunters, but one sad possibility stands grimly out: the blue goose may be reverting to type.

Until about 20 years ago, blue geese made a single, "non-stop" flight from their nesting grounds on Baffin Island. They flew high and fast (a few rarely stopping) until they reached their wintering grounds in the Louisiana and Texas Coastal marshes. Although abundant along the Missouri River in the spring where they fed on winter wheat, fall flocks of blues in Iowa were unknown to ornithologists and biologists until recent years.

Old records indicate that vast flocks of blues passed over densely populated territory high out of sight and sound and were never noticed. They would sometimes let down on the Mississippi River near Cape Girardeau, Missouri, or south in the Memphis area, but they would eat and rest only briefly and then continue to Louisiana and Texas. It isn't as astounding as it sounds. Flying at 45 miles per hour at high altitudes, a flock of geese could cover the shortest route from James Bay to Louisiana in 40 hours or less.

This old-non-stop flight lane was mainly over western Michigan, but it began shifting steadily westward. It is believed the advent of the mechanical corn picker changed the picture. The vast Iowa cornlands were strewn with shattered corn, and offered a tempting feeding ground to waterfowl. These fields drew in geese, and gave many Iowa waterfowlers their first fall bags of blue geese in history.

Iowa goose hunters were disappointed this fall. Always optimistic, the average sportsman kept hoping that the heavy fall flight was just around the corner, and that tomorrow would be good hunting. But tomorrow never came, and game officials in the Sabine Refuge in Louisiana reported that 75 per cent of the expected birds had arrived on their wintering grounds while hunters were still waiting for them up north.

Why? It's hard to say. True, there was a sharp drought this fall, but there have been other years with few ponds and the geese stopped anyway. This year much of the corn had been picked early and there was plenty of feed, as well as water in the major lakes and rivers of the state. Perhaps it is because the blue geese have been heavily hit by hunters the past few years and have become wary. But if they liked corn well enough to change their ancient flight lanes, would hunting pressure discourage them? Besides, blues have not been known for the wariness of the Canada group.

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Jim Sherman Photo.
A lot of hunters have been wondering what happened to the blue goose flight this fall. It is a question that only time will answer.

Jim Sherman Photo.
In many ways, lakes are like living things, they breathe, have circulation and in cold weather go into a winter sleep.

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THE BEHAVIOR OF LAKES

By David H. Thompson and Roberts Mann

In many ways lakes are like living things—especially a tree. A lake breathes and has a circulation; it is warmed and fed; it harbors many other living things; and in cold weather it goes into a winter sleep. If it were not for the special character of a body of standing water which we call a lake, the things that live in it would be radically different or, perhaps, not exist at all.

Water is a very strange substance in many ways. For example, it is remarkable because it expands, becomes lighter and floats when it freezes into ice. If, like most other substances, water shrank when it changed from a liquid to a solid, it would sink. Then, ponds and lakes would freeze from the bottom up and become solid blocks of ice. This would make life impossible for most kinds of acquatic plants and animals and indirectly affect all living things. Further, water is a poor conductor of heat—otherwise lakes would freeze much deeper and, again most living things in it would perish.

As warm water cools it shrinks and becomes more dense and heavy until about 39 degrees Fahrenheit. Then, as the temperature drops toward the freezing point, it starts to expand and become lighter. That trait of having its maximum density about 7 degrees above the freezing point has important consequences for the things that get their oxygen from water. It causes a complete circulation or overturn at least twice each year—in spring and again in autumn—like deep breaths carrying oxygen-rich water to all parts of the lake from top to bottom.

When a pond or lake is covered with ice, all the water beneath it is at or near 32 degrees F., and without movement, as if it were holding its breath and hibernating until spring. Its main chance of getting fresh oxygen is from winter rains or melting snows which bring in oxygen-rich water. There is one other possibility. By a process called photosynthesis, green aquatic plants, with the aid of sunlight, produce pure oxygen—even under a layer of clear ice. But if the ice is blanketed with snow, and if there are no rains or melting snows, the oxygen dissolved in the water is slowly exhausted and the fish, then many other forms of life, begin to smother and die.

In spring, after the ice melts and the surface water warms toward 39 degrees, it sinks and pushes the oxygen-starved bottom water up to the surface. At this time, winds may also cause circulation in the entire lake. Later, as the surface water becomes warmer and lighter, only the upper layer is circulated by moderate winds pushing water toward one shore or the other. The colder bottom layer is left undisturbed unless there is the complete turnover, from top to bottom, that sometimes occurs as the result of a violent storm. In the cleaner deeper lake without too much rotting vegetation there is enough oxygen in the bottom layer to last through the summer. In others it is used up, so that the fish and other animals are forced up to the surface to avoid suffocation. In July, a cage of minnows may live well at depths of 5, 10 or 15 feet but die within a few minutes when lowered to 20 feet and all greater depths. The circulation or overturn in a lake is important only to the animals that breath by means of gills. For some reason, a few forms of life such as certain worms, insect larvae and single-celled animals can live a long time without oxygen.

With the coming of chilly nights in autumn, the surface water cools and sinks again, forcing up the bottom water. Then, with the temperature near 39 degrees, winds cause the entire body of water to circulate and our lake gets its second long breath before it freezes over and goes into its long winter sleep.

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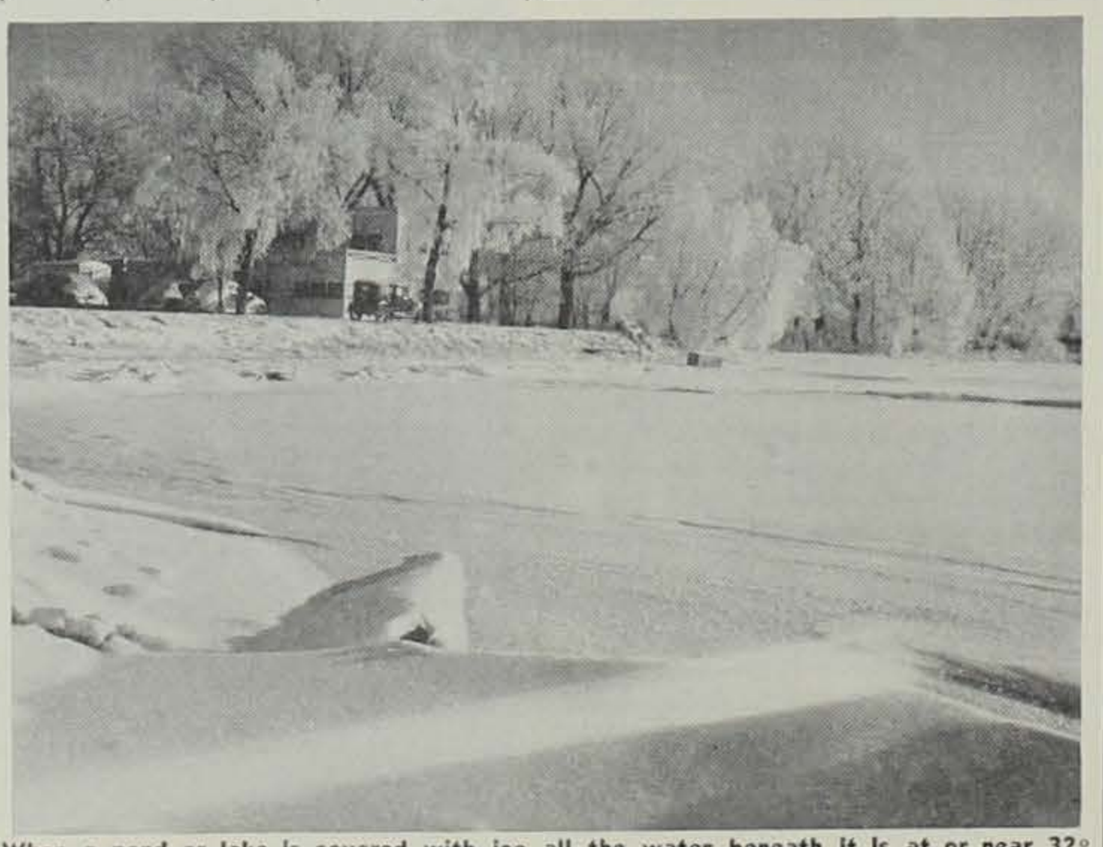


When a pond or lake is covered with ice all the water beneath it is at or near 32° Fahrenheit and without movement.

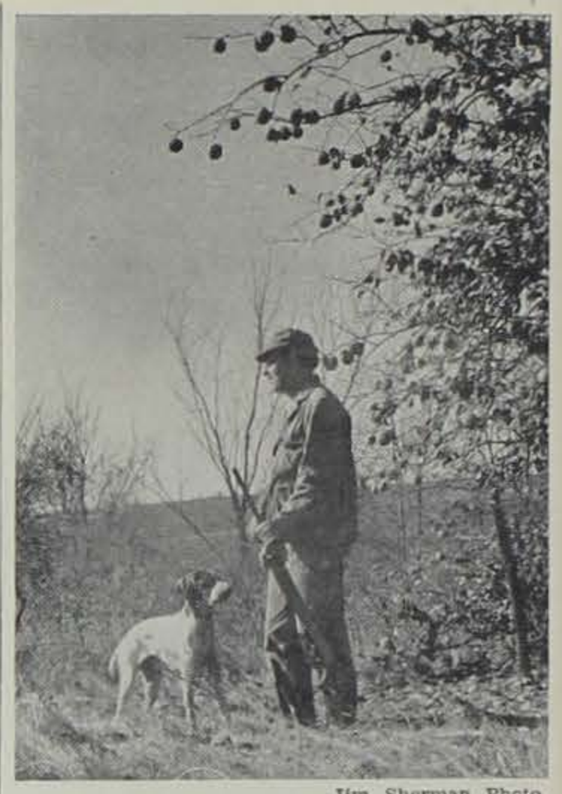
BOLD FOX

Foxes are bolder than ever this year. Another of the sly animals, apparently tired of being hunted, has taken the role of the hunter in broad daylight.

Donald Thompson, 1411 Perkins Avenue, ended up being the victim. He winged a duck while hunting on the Mississippi, but before he could claim his game, a red fox had a tasty dinner. When the duck swam to the shore, the fox made off with it before Thompson could shoot.

A New London hunter, Joe Pickle, was more fortunate when a fox claimed a squirrel he had killed. Reynard didn't live to enjoy the stolen meal.—*Burlington Hawkeye-Gazette.*

Of all plants the grasses are the most important to man. All our bread-stuffs such as corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, and rice and sugar cane are grasses. Bamboos and canes are grasses too.—J. S.



Jim Sherman Photo.
Article II of the United States Constitution gives permission to do certain things but does not allow hunters to be indiscriminate in their shooting.

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ARTICLE II

The squirrel season opens the fall hunting months during which pheasants, ducks and rabbits are fair game to hunters. This is also the time to give hunters the annual reminder that Article II of the United States Constitution gives permission to do certain things but does not allow hunters to be indiscriminate in their shooting.

Article II of the Bill of Rights says "the Right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Now that's plain enough. No matter how long you look at those words you will not find these statements:

1. That it is legal to take a crack at a wandering heifer.
2. That it is legal to plink a mail box with a .22.
3. That it is legal to shoot insulators off a power pole.
4. That it is legal to shoot Uncle Harry in the seat of his pants as he crosses a fence.

In other words, the "right of the people to keep and bear arms" carries an obligation.

If you tramp the woods all day without popping a cap don't feel so frustrated you have to crack off at a song bird or hen pheasant; don't try to burn a beef or milk critter just to see him or her jump; don't shoot off ammunition at anything more valuable than an empty beer can.

And if you're hunting with Junior and a bunch of the boys, make sure you don't empty the beer can yourself before you crack at it.

Alcohol and gunpowder don't mix.

Read Article II again. It doesn't mention alcohol or Uncle Harry's rear end.—*Denison Bulletin.*

Flushed during periods of deep, soft snow, quail sometimes plunge into the snow. Crumbling snow conceals the hole, and the quail may burrow for some distance. Only careful observation, and persistent tramping will reveal where the bird has hidden.—E. S.

The spotted white-tailed deer fawn is one of the most beautiful of all wildlife babies.

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Problem Children . . .

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faces with their hooves," *Life* said by way of giving Jersey's official explanation of its apparent hard-heartedness.

Life undoubtedly left the impression with millions of folks that Dawn's father was a hero for "saving" the fawn. Maybe he just didn't know any better, but *Life* should have, and *Life* deserves a good swift kick in the editorial pants because the story unquestionably did substantial harm to the future welfare of countless other little fawns—which, *Life's* readers must assume, make such fine pets.

Conservation agencies of all the states constantly are urging folks not to pick up and take home baby wild animals, especially fawns. But people still insist on doing it, excusing their action by a wrong assumption that the little fellows have been deserted, simply because mother isn't in sight. Fawns do make appealing pets. But, those which survive insist on growing up. Then they're normally condemned to a life of confinement simply because they've lost their fear of man. Given freedom, the trusting creatures virtually always become easy victims of dogs, automobiles and the kind of trigger-happy goons who go around shooting at signs.

Hand-reared buck deer, like Dawn's, and all bear cubs, can never be liberated safely at all. It's different in the wild. There instinct tells them to run from—rather than to—all humans.

In New York we do not have on record (as far as we know) any case of attack on humans by wild-uninjured bear or deer. But unprovoked attacks, many of them fatal, by so-called tame deer and bears are numerous. We vividly recall the bloody remains of a little girl at Otisville (Orange County) killed by a yearling bear, picked up when a cub in nearby woods by her father and brought home to her for a pet. We can still see the savage thrust of "Mickey," a buck once bottle-fed by another little girl. This deer, sent to New York's DeBar Mountain Game Refuge, pased long enough while eating carrots from the caretaker's hand to impale the 250-pound man and rip and toss him like a sack of spilling grain.

Take Whitey, one of a herd of many hand-reared deer now safely penned at the State Delmar Game Farm. Whitey once was brought up by another little girl whose father found it by the roadside. Last fall, the time when the necks of all bucks swell with the advent of the breeding (and fighting) season, Whitey burst through his pen wire and typically without warning attacked the Game Farm Foreman whose cries brought help just in time.

A few days later a young woman thoughtlessly climbed over a high fence into another nearby pen that held a bottle-reared buck. She wanted to take a picture. She went to the hospital instead. The man who feeds the Delmar herd of captive deer (all, except the animals born there, taken from people who thought fawns make nice pets) is exceedingly careful to keep away from the tame bucks in the fall. He has been gored three times. The names of persons killed or seriously hurt by so-called tame white-tailed deer would fill a good part of this issue.

The same with black bear. Once reared by man, they lose fear of him. Never can they be trusted, so never can they be liberated for safety's sake. Liberation experiments in this state have been bitter; sooner or later the animals had to be tracked down and killed.

You've seen lions and tigers in trained animal acts. Did you ever see an American black bear?

For a time this year, the Conservation Department alone was feeding 30 quarts of milk and many pounds of prepared food a day to ten bear cubs and yearlings mostly confiscated from people who thought they were cute.

The Department has had as many as 100 fawns in a single season. Game protectors groan at the thought of lengthy bottle-feeding chores. State game farms simply can't handle any more. Public zoos are full up. If the public should hear of the deliberate killing of a single fawn or a single cub, the hue and cry would overshadow politics, flying saucers or the war.

Once in a while, the adoption of a fawn or a cub is a legitimate act of mercy. In such cases the doe may have been killed, usually by dogs. Mother bears, aroused and unwittingly chased from their lairs when their cubs are very young and still unable to walk often desert the youngsters without hesitation. We took over two such definitely deserted cubs this year. But the others were all kidnapped. That's right, kidnapped.

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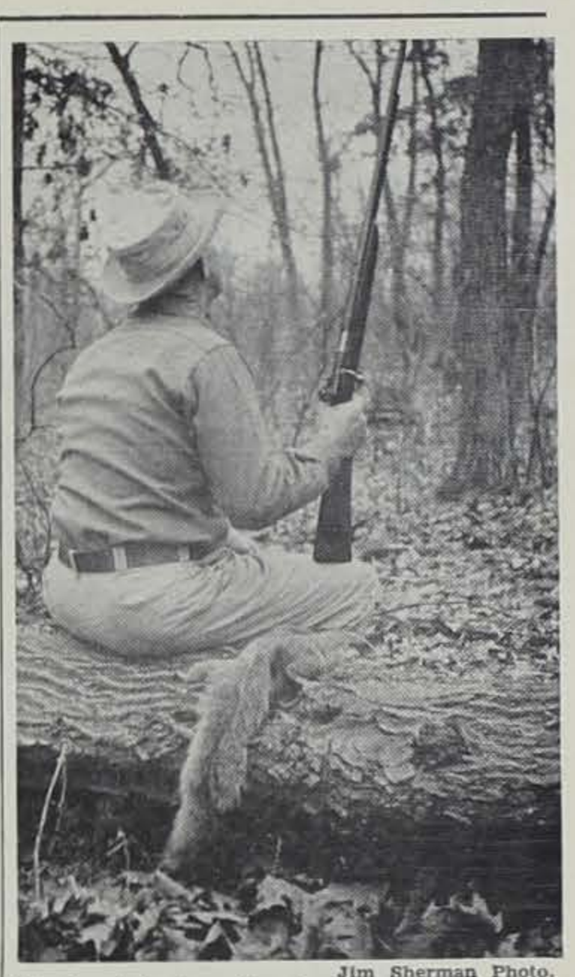
For a few months the bottle-fed white-tailed deer is an interesting and docile though illegal pet.



Jim Sherman Photo.

"Just what does the Iowa hunter get for the $1.50 he planks down for a hunting license?"

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HUNTING LICENSE COSTS ONE CENT A DAY

Every now and then, for want of something better to do, we indulge in a bit of day-dreaming. This time our excursion into the realm of a phantasy dealt with hunting licenses.

Since we always feel privileged to ask ouselves questions, editorially speaking, we propounded this one: "Just what does the Iowa hunter get for the $1.50 he planks down for a resident hunting license?" We arrived at the conclusion that he gets a great plenty, perhaps far more than the average hunter realizes.

For example, we came up with the discovery that the Iowa hunter can enjoy 139 consecutive days of gunning, if he is able to hunt every day of a legal open season. That makes the license cost just a trifle over one cent per day.

An Iowa nimrod may enjoy 62 days of squirrel shooting, 139 days of rabbit chasing, 45 days of quail gunning, 25 days of pheasant pursuit, and spend 55 days in a duck blind.

Of course, many of the seasons overlap, but that is unavoidable.

Going a bit farther into the realm of conjecture, we began to wonder what an ardent nimrod could bring home and dump on the kitchen floor if he had one perfect day of hunting for all species.

Assuming a start at dawn Mr. Nimrod could get into a big timber and in jig time bag a daily limit of six squirrels; or, he could try the duck blind first, taking a legal limit of four ducks, then go to work on the squirrels.

Stopping for a second cup of coffee, the next quarry would be the cottontail, and in good territory the limit of 10 is soon bagged. It is now time to hunt quail so we turn the pointer loose and in a few hours put up the limit of six birds.

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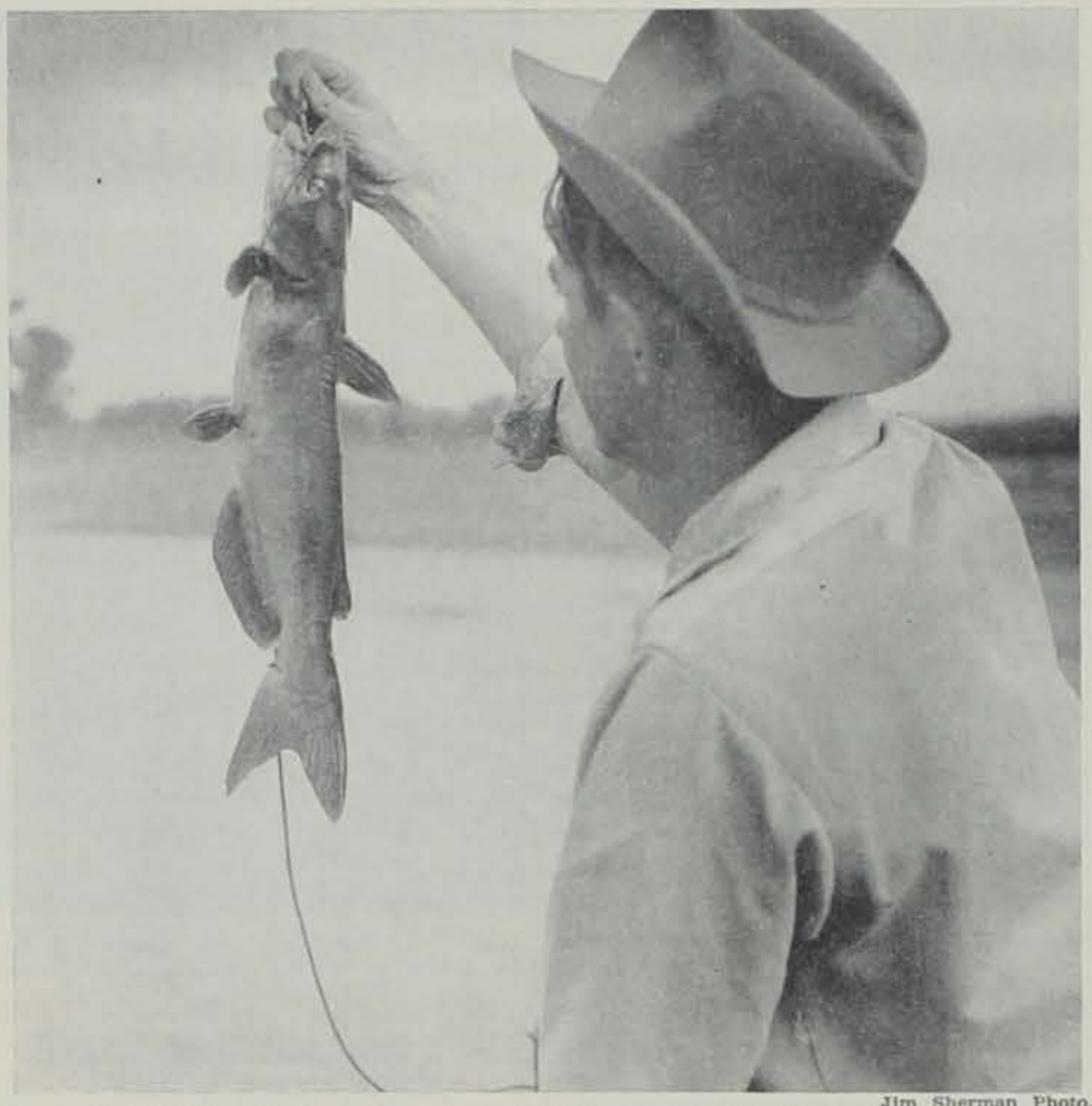

Jim Sherman Photo.
The catfish is Mr. Big in eastern Iowa just as he is in all other parts of the state.

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Stream Fishing . . .

(Continued from page 89)

again in most streams except the Turkey River. Cheese bait, dead minnows and all the other odiferous offerings of the catfisherman took a heavy toll. Blood-fishing was especially good in August and early September, when the 1951 hatch of catfish made themselves known with their bait-stealing and nibbling activities.

The 1952 trout season lacked the usual rainy, muddy water opening day, and the improved conditions favored the angler and increased his catch. Trout fishermen were also greatly benefited by two new management procedures; streams were stocked according to angling pressure, that is, those that were fished heaviest received the heaviest restocking. In addition, the fish stocked were larger than those stocked in previous years. The clear, low water of the 1952 season favored the flyfisherman, especially in the fall. The bait fisherman not only had to get behind a tree to bait his hook, but he had to stay behind it and fish a long line, 'cause the trout could see a country mile in that clear, low water. To cap off this excellent trout angling year, a Waterloo angler took a 17½ pound brown trout from Elk Creek near Strawberry Point. This is the largest trout known to have been taken from Iowa waters.

Smallmouth fishing in the creeks and rivers opened with a bang. The catches were primarily composed of the 10 to 13-inch class in the feeder streams, with larger fish being taken in the main rivers, the latter being surprisingly clear for the month of June. Crayfish and night crawlers were most effective in the small streams with the Cedar furnishing excellent results to the plug fisherman. From the middle of July to September, smallmouth fishing tapered off. Small creeks with constantly falling water were soon fished out by the angler who knew the holes where the fish were concentrated. By September the major rivers were really clear and low, and the smallmouth began hitting on every conceivable lure and bait. Small plugs, spinner and fly crayfish, night crawler and spinner, and chubs cut down the surplus fish. Success was general over the entire smallmouth range, with the the upper Cedar River and Upper Iowa River being especially hot spots for those 16 to 20-inch battlers. The big-river smallmouth fisherman came into his own during the fall.

As if this wasn't enough, the spring and summer northern pike fishing and the early and late fall walleye fishing really "shook the thunder from the skies." An excellent 1950 and 1951 hatch of river northerns seemed to create so much competition for food that "the snakes" were taken on every conceivable artificial and natural bait known to man; even dead minnows and poppers were effective, much to the dismay of the catfisherman and the bass popper addict. Most of the northerns taken were in the 16 to 22-inch class, but a heavy catch of 3-6 pounders kept the pike fisherman on his toes and checking his tackle. Hardly a week went by that somebody didn't register a 9 or 12-pound northern in some local fish contest. The ducks had to take a back seat to northern fishing in two public hunting areas —Sweet Marsh near Tripoli, and Dudgeon Lake near Vinton. The upper reaches of the Iowa and Cedar Rivers, the middle reaches of the West Fork and the Shellrock, and almost the entire length of the Wapsie River, furnished some of the fastest and most productive northern fishing this part of the state has ever known.

The Mississippi River has long dominated the east Iowa walleye fishing, but this fall certain areas of inland rivers such as the Iowa, Cedar, Shellrock and Wapsie put on a spurt. Of these the Cedar River from Cedar Rapids to above Osage was the best average stretch in the area. It seemed that every good-sized hole and dam riffle produced better-than-average walleye fishing. While there were few limit catches taken, a man who knew his river could count on at least one or two per trip with a bit of concentrated effort.

Good catches were made in the Cedar in the vicinity of LaPorte City, in the Wapsie below Independence, and in the lower and middle reaches of the Shellrock. Don't get the idea that walleyes are or ever will be a major river species inland, but in certain areas, under certain conditions, the true walleye fisherman can really do business. This year's catch was composed primarily of the 13 to 18-inch class and the lunkers from 6 to 10 pounds.

Panfish such as bluegills and crappies were taken in average numbers behind dams and in artificial lakes on the inland streams. Largemouth fishermen, who are few and far between on inland rivers, knocked 'em dead the first few days of the season and then had to wait until fall to get in their licks again.

The Mississippi River couldn't shake off the effects of those spring floods and with the exception of the overflow lakes, the river proper wasn't fishable until early fall for walleyes, channel cat and panfish. Then everything started at once. The walleye fishing over wing dams and below roller dams as far down as Davenport started to produce limit catches. The wonderful part about it is that this will continue until next March (we hope). Largemouth taken all summer in the river lakes were now being taken in the guts and sloughs. With the Mississippi high for a good part of the summer, fishing in the lower reaches of its tributaries was very productive, especially in the catfish and northern pike category.

It was noticed that there was a definite shift to casting or spinning tackle this past year, since river conditions favored this form of angling. Small plugs were more effective than large ones and color seemed to make little or no difference.

To take advantage of ever-changing conditions, the angler must be as adaptable to changing fishing techniques as he is to changing baits. Find out what the successful fisherman is doing and do likewise. Then before you know it people will be copying **your** style —which automatically elevates you to the expert class.

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LONGER OPEN SEASONS

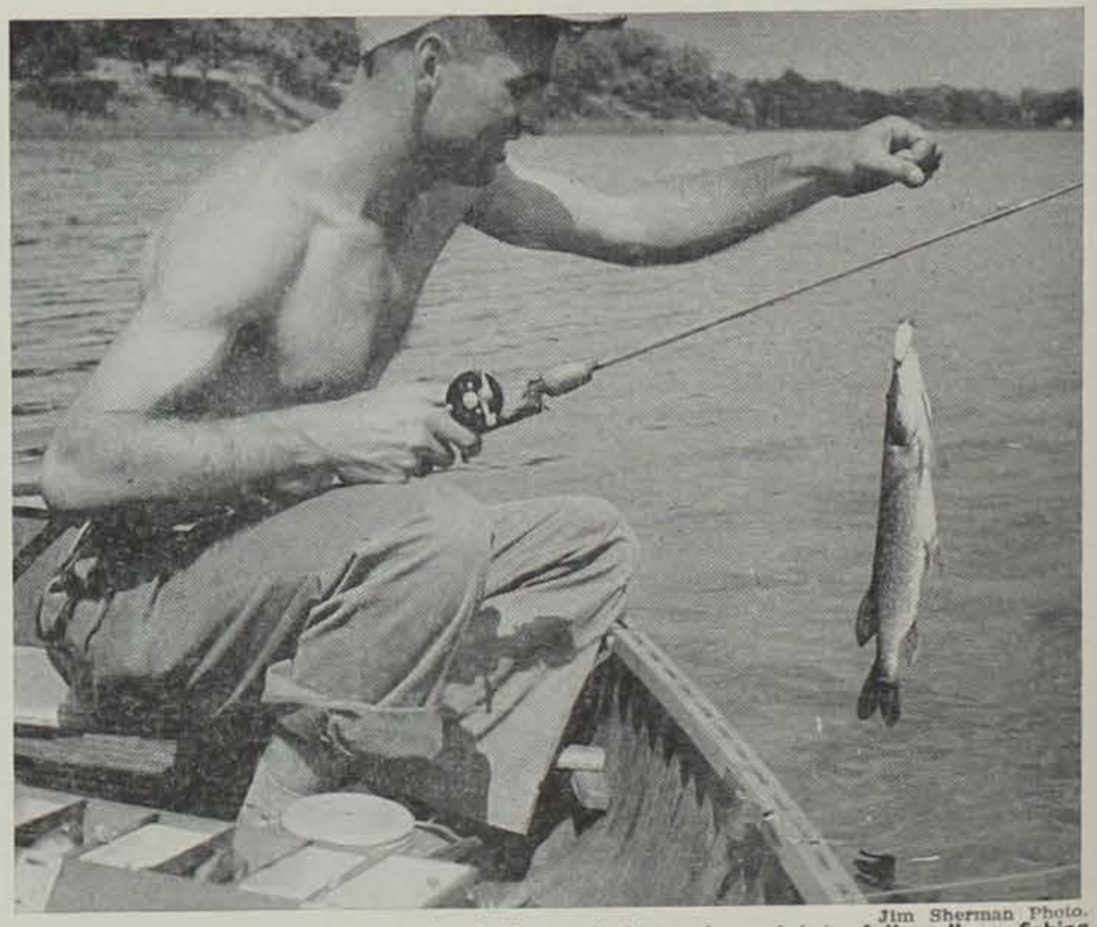
What do longer grouse-hunting seasons mean to partridge hunters? You'll probably answer "more time to hunt," but this isn't always true. Here's why:

A group of 600 hunters have been polled for the past three years about their grouse hunting efforts. In the 30-day season of 1949, they averaged a little more than six days per season hunting ruffed grouse.

In 1950 and 1951, when we had a 51-day season, they spent just over eight days apiece in grouse hunting.

Thus a *70 per cent* increase in the length of the season resulted in only a *28 per cent* increase in hunting effort.

Grouse hunters, like many other nimrods, hunt mostly in the early season and often miss the best shooting in late fall. — *Wisconsin Conservation Bulletin.*



Jim Sherman Photo.
The spring and summer northern pike fishing and the early and late fall walleye fishing really "shook the thunder from the skies".

Jim Sherman Photo.
The real park at Bellevue is part of the Mississippi River bluffs that overlook the father of waters.

Bellevue State Park . . .

(Continued from page 89)

Thus the level area at the top is really almost isolated, being surrounded with cliffs or steep slopes on all sides but one. For this level area we must thank the Niagaran dolomite, about which we shall speak presently. For the steep slopes we must give credit to the work of running water.

The great cliff is mostly part of a formation known to geologists as the Maquoketa, named from its occurrence at Maquoketa, Iowa. It is mostly a shale with some shaley limestone. Shale is hardened clay, and limestone a hardened limey mud. All of this rock was formed as a deposit in an ancient sea, the Ordovician sea, which once extended over this part of what is now North America. The layering of this rock is very apparent on the face of the cliff.

The rock does not contain many fossils, the impressions or replacements of the shells of animals which lived in the ancient seas. However, part of the underlying Galena formation contains them in abundance. These fossiliferous beds are exposed in the channel of Mill Creek, which crosses the highway just north of the park.

The Galena formation is named from its occurrence at Galena, Illinois. It is in turn underlain in this vicinity by other sedimentary rock formations extending to a depth of at least 1,200 feet. Sandstone beds in the lower part of this sequence provide the water used in the park. This water comes from a flowing well located just across the highway from the park, near river level, and is pumped up to the park.

At the park the Maquoketa formation is overlain by 30 feet or more of dolomite of the Niagara series. This dolomite is more resistant to erosion than shale. It protects the underlying Maquoketa and helps to maintain the cliff. Dolomite is like limestone, but has the element magnesium instead of calcium as part of its composition. It is also a deposit of an ancient sea. Like the Maquoketa, Galena, and other underlying formations it has a gentle westward dip. Only the lower part of the series is present at the park. In Jones County to the west where it is all represented it has a thickness of approximately 250 feet.

The beds of Maquoketa and Niagara formations once extended across the valley of the Mississippi River. The same beds are found on the Illinois side of the river. After the seas had disappeared rivers started flowing. Gradually the Mississippi River system took form. Weathering and long-continued erosion by the river have made the valley.

What part have the glaciers played in the development of the park and its surroundings? The earlier glaciers are known to have covered this part of Iowa. That was a long while ago however, several hundred thousand years we believe. Later glaciers that covered other parts of Iowa did not reach the area of the park.

Almost all of the drift, the deposit left by the glaciers, has been washed away from the area near the Mississippi River in this part of Iowa. There is little evidence of the work of the glaciers at hand. However, the cobbles used in the construction of the chimney at the north end of the lodge are a fine display of the types of rocks brought to the vicinity by the glaciers. These are in great variety, and were secured from one of the gravel pits along the river. They will repay examination and study.

Not only has post-glacial erosion removed the glacial drift, but it has also dissected the land. Everywhere there are ravines, gulleys, and sloping land. The areas of nearly level upland are underlain by the Niagara dolomite.

The cliff, though protected by the dolomite, is slowly giving way. Freezing water in the cracks, and plant roots, help to loosen blocks of rock. Down they come, when no longer supported. Not many years ago, when the river-road was closer to the cliff, it was blocked by a fall of rock. The presence of vertical cracks called joints aids in this process. These smooth fractures are very noticeable in the face of the cliff.

One cannot leave this account of the park without further reference to the views, one from Pulpit Rock at the south, and the other from the point overlooking Bellevue to the north. There a story of ancient seas, glaciation, and erosion by running water is spread out before us. No wonder that the Indians respected this locality and chose it for the location of some of their burial mounds.

One of the early parks in the State Park system, Bellevue, was dedicated in 1928.

WARDEN'S TALES

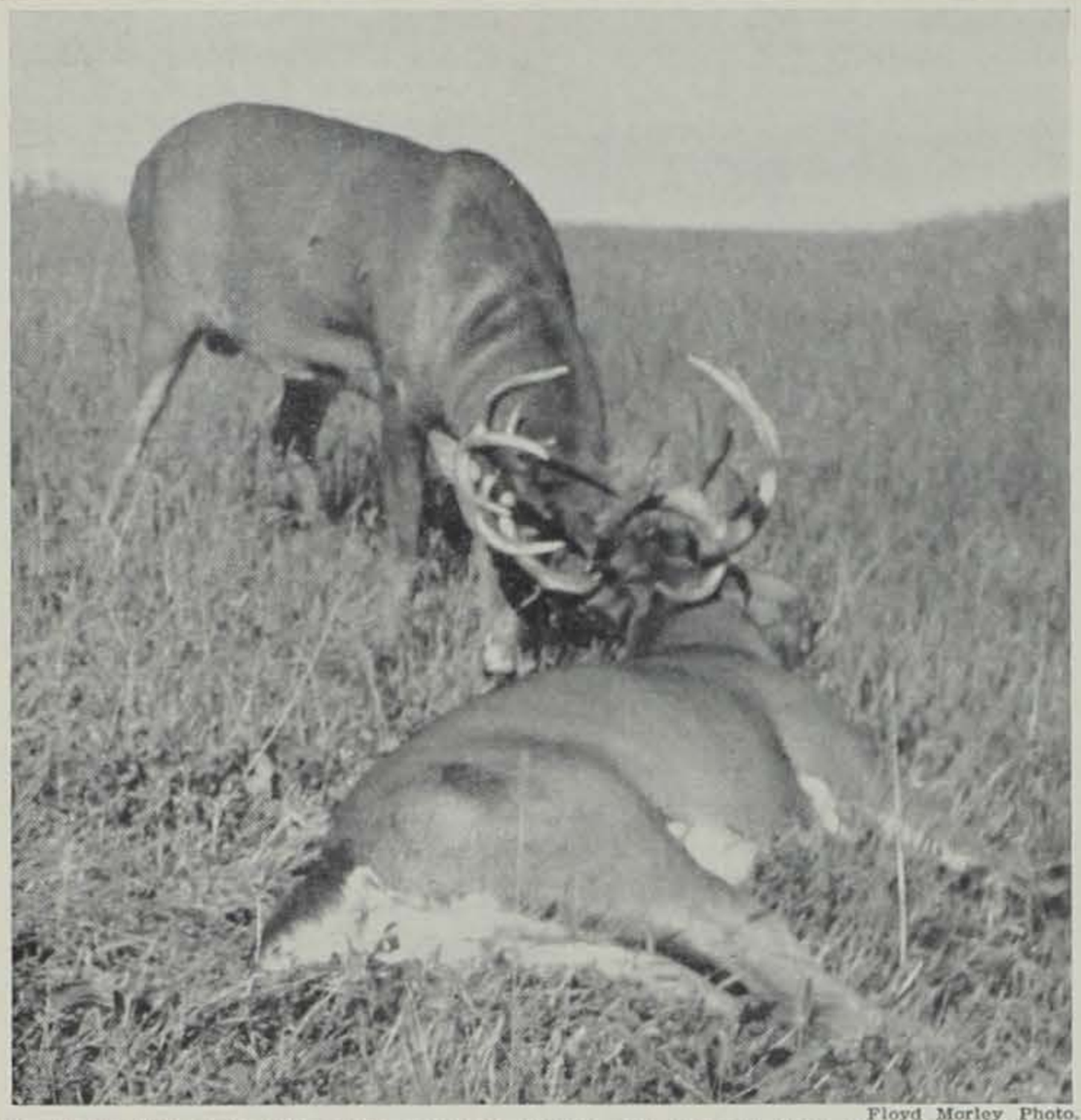
Conservation Officer Herb Eells of Howard and Chickasaw Counties hunted elk in northeastern Iowa this spring. As he explains in his letter, it happened like this: "Last April 29 a flash flood took out a section of fence on the Leon Brown farm a few miles east of Cresco and about 25 Japanese deer and one bull elk escaped. The deer were quickly rounded up, but the elk seemed to like his new-found freedom.

"Mr. Brown contacted me and several of his neighbors and the elk hunt was on. We located the fugitive bedded down about two miles east of the farm and attempted to drive him home. He didn't seem to run fast, but he covered a lot of ground in short order. He would stop, look around and look at us, shake his head, and take off again. When we finally got him back to the farm his disposition was far from sweet. He threatened to charge us, but by using poles we finally got him back into the yard, but not into the pen. Finally we had to rope the elk and drag him into the pen. He was very tired. So were we."

On his farm, Mr. Brown has three elk, 25 Japanese deer, 15 or 20 white deer, white-tailed deer, golden pheasants, and peacocks. His hobby attracts many visitors to his farm each year.

Ward Garrett, Conservation Officer in Pottawattamie County, has an unusual story of a rescued deer. "I was called about a deer seen in Indian Creek in Council Bluffs. The creek enters town in a 20-foot tunnel that runs under the city. When I went down to the creek, the deer ran into this tunnel. I worked all day trying to flush him out of the various branches that run into the tunnel, but was unsuccessful.

"That evening we had a two-inch rain and the water was so high and swift that I had to abandon the deer hunt. I gave the deer up for dead and went home to clean up. Soon I got a second call that the deer had washed out and some boys had caught him at the tunnel entrance. The boys were about 12 years old, and I arrived to find them holding the young buck's head above the water by his antlers. We pulled him out and put him in the trunk of my car. He was completely exhausted, but after a couple hours he had recovered and we released him in the timber south of Lake Manawa."



Floyd Morley Photo.
The bottle-fed deer ultimately becomes grown and without fear of man becomes a vicious dangerous wild animal.

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Problem Children . . .

(Continued from page 93)

Or take the case of Freddie, the fawn.

Freddie was struck by a car last spring near Oneonta. His broken leg was set by a veterinarian whose humane action was given wide newspaper publicity. Yet since the deer, even if it recovered satisfactorily, would be a captive all its life, the Conservation Department felt it much better all around to ask the veterinarian to kill it painlessly as soon as possible. Of course, the public reacted. The Department was condemned editorially as heartless. Yet long experience has shown that until Freddie's leg healed he would be dependent on mankind long enough for him to lose his fear. Under the circumstances, his destruction was the only humane way out. It is virtually impossible to find safe public homes for deer where human safety is a factor too.

So there's a very sound and very humane reason for state laws and policies which forbid public possession of such illegally taken wild animals as these. But laws or no laws, we wonder whether Dawn's father or *Life's* writers would like to be responsible for the welfare of Dawn's fawn when it grows up. We wonder whether they'd care to feed and water it when its neck swells, its eyes dilate and its sharp-tined antlers glisten in the autumn sun. You can hold off a cobra but not a rutting buck that's lost its fear of man. We've tried.

Wild ducks and geese may live many years, but the annual waterfowl harvest depends largely on the young birds hatched during the summer.—J. S.

Long legs of the quail are more suited to running for long distances than his wings are suited to flying long distances. Trails of quail coveys in the snow indicate that most traveling is done on the ground. However, when traveling from field to field, quail will often fly over barren spots, and they will fly for short distances, then run for some distance even when suitable travel cover is available. Trailing of quail is sometimes made more difficult by this hop and run method of travel.—E. S.

Mistletoe . . .

(Continued from page 90)

Surprisingly enough, French society has never approved of kissing games, and so mistletoe has never been important in that country. In fact, most English mistletoe was imported from the apple orchards of Normandy.

Iowa, like England, has to import its mistletoe. It is found up to southern Missouri, but is limited by cold weather. Mistletoe is a slow-growing plant, with only one pair of leaflets being added each year. Breaking off the shrub from a tree does not kill it, but it takes years for the mistletoe to grow back again. Mistletoe seeds are spread by birds, who are fond of the berries. But these berries are strictly for the birds, since Meunscher, in his "Poisonous Plants" lists several cases of children being poisoned by them.

Legend describes mistletoe as a sacred plant symbolic of pagan, sylvan gods. Botany says it is a hemisparasitic, shrubby plant with coriaceous leaves. But don't spend too much time studying descriptions of mistletoe. It's action that counts.

License . . .

(Continued from page 93)

Now to the cornfields for old ringneck, and with the help of the pointer we get a limit of three. The whistle blows 4:30 and that's enough for one day.

What is the total? Twenty-nine pieces of game, if, and the odds are against it, we could enjoy one perfect day on all species. Assuming average weight for the species and the successful hunter would pile about 50 pounds of game on the kitchen floor.

Approaching from another angle, we came up with this one. If a hunter chose to hunt for but one species each day of the open season, what could he bag? It's astounding. Seventy-five pheasants, 270 quail, 372 squirrels, all the rabbits he could carry, and 220 ducks.

This assumes he would take a legal limit each day, and dispose of it each day, so as to not exceed the possession limit.

The statistics are fantastic. We deliberately made them so. Just to prove, beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt, that an Iowa hunting license is the biggest bargain offered today and the entire outdoors is the hunter's super-market. —By the Nomad, *Davenport Democrat.*

The shelldrake is extremely shy. He is little sought by hunters because of the duck's habit of occasionally eating carrion along with grey necked crows, adjutant storks, and vultures.—E. S.

Blues . . .

(Continued from page 91)

Until we know more, we must face the possibility that they have reverted to their old non-stop habit for some reason of their own. Whatever the cause, there wasn't a major stopover of blue geese in Iowa this fall. Let's hope some psychological quirk or weather condition was responsible. The next year or so will tell.—*J. M.*

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BEAVER AND PEOPLE

It's too bad, but beaver and people just don't seem to mix. About 1,800 damage complaints made since 1946 show that beaver troubles are bigger where human activity is the greatest.

Most damage occurs on low-lying farms and roads. This happens because beaver are spreading into the farming country.

These farmed areas should be trapped as heavily as possible to eliminate "nuisance" beaver. The hard-to-get-into places can be left as beaver "reservoirs."

There's plenty of room for beaver in the state where they can't damage man's efforts—*Wisconsin Conservation Bulletin.*

DEER IN UNION COUNTY

For the second week in a row a yearling deer has ended up on the dinner table at the Union county home.

This morning a yearling buck jumped over a fence at the Dennis Bradley farm two miles south of Afton, catching its hind legs on the fence and breaking both hocks.

State Conservation Officer H. W. McMullen shot the injured deer and turned the carcass over to the county home.

Just a week ago today an Arispe school bus hit and killed a yearling buck deer near Arispe.—*Creston News Advertiser.*

The minimum estimate is that there are approximately 3,000,000 species of animals now living on the earth. These include four or five thousand species of mammals, more than 2,000 species of snakes, approximately 15,000 species of birds, 300 species of turtles, and 750,000 species of insects that have been discovered and labeled with new insects turning up nearly every day.—G. S.

Young ground hogs are born about April or May. There are usually four in a litter.

Glenwood Opinion Tribune Photo.
The mixed flocks of blue and snow geese that have added so much to the Iowa hunter's bag the past few seasons were conspicuously absent during 1952.